

# it



IT / 123 10-24 February 1972 15p

ROLLER DERBY—Amerikan blood'n'thrills sport craze

WOMEN IN PRISON

GUERRILLA TELEVISION—When will cassette video happen?

THE THOR LEGEND by Joy Farren

THE OBLIVION KID

MICK FARREN GIVING OUT

Jonathon Green on THE DERRY MASSACRE

BRITISH DESERTER'S CONFESSION

Comix, rock, reviews, dazzling colour, lovely adverts and those super hot dinners!

"BANG, YOU'RE DEAD!"





Dear IT,

Your article 'Psychedelic Fascism' by Lucian K Truscott (from Village Voice/UPS) absolutely shattered me. Because as I read it, I became certain that I, and every suppressed young head throughout the land, would love to be able to "control" in the way that Manson did. Everywhere, young 10 a penny "Gurus" appear, self-styled, or as a supporter of one or more than one pseudo-religious, mystical, occult clique. Even the 'Jesus People' seem to 'sell it' to you. They all try and monopolize us. They do try and influence and then indoctrinate by brain washing.

How many people do you know that want to "get some bread together, buy some land, and start a commune." They all want to break away. So many little cliques, and it's always them and us. Isn't it all a fucking hype.

Yes, Manson was a Hero.

But also, just another megalomaniac. How easy, to just drift under the Hero's spell and flow along with it, and how easy to think 'I am God' and become that Hero!

Please print this letter because it is meant to be thought-provoking, and I'd be interested to hear, and perhaps be enlightened by other readers' views on these thoughts!

All good things,  
John Barclay, 216  
Camberwell New Road,  
SE5.

Dear IT,

In answer to your request for female views on the Underground press, here is my contribution:

(1) Style and content of...

a) the news—ok. Short, if not a bit abrupt, sometimes very revealing, sometimes not adequate coverage on one subject but it doesn't sicken me like tele and straight press news does.

b) features—Get the feeling that you have to fill up space in some issues. Interviews are OK but I couldn't get into The Chymical Wedding of Christian Rosenkreutz. Some of your writers have got some shit ideas; but long live Gilbert Shelton and Bob Crumb!

c) reviews—Very personal so I'm indifferent to them most of the time, my taste is not a good match with yours—but why can't the guys answer these questions too?

d) ads—OK. But I can't imagine a freak wanking over an expensive book of tits and bums.

(11) Representation in the press....

Fair representation is difficult to achieve anywhere. Your paper represents "the Underground" feeling, but

dividing it up is impossible—it's like asking if gay people are adequately represented in the press?

(No). The straight press is suitably endowed with Jill Tweedie and Katherine Whitehorn, who do a pretty good job; Jilly Cooper is, I am convinced, a joke and Germaine Greer's writing in the Sunday Times is very poor when compared with the style of her book. They all represent women in their own way, but the Underground press as a whole should represent all those who read (and agree with) the end product—perhaps you could ask for contributions apart from letters. Considering the usual content of your rag there's not much need for female representation—the news, etc. are average reading for both sexes. A bit more news on female activities would, however, go down well.

(111) Lack of women writers in the papers?....

Yes. The straight press, eg The Guardian and The Sunday Times manage to get women's views in print, but the Underground seems to be lacking in this sphere. But the answer perhaps lies in what your aims are. I imagine that it is difficult to get hold of women writers of adequate calibre and determination for the Underground press.

(IV) Thoughts on women's lib?....

Yes. Equality is important but everyone needs to be liberated. Women should be aware of their surroundings and position and apart from campaigning for equal wages and creches, they should work towards their own personal liberation through awareness and logical reasoning and action. The Liberation Workshops appear to be run by butch characters who reckon that if they flash their tits about they will be "liberated"; this just doesn't work. The aim for a better deal for women is important and justified but it has to be intelligently approached, and above all the press should recognise this. At the moment women's activities are being glossed over to appear foolish in the press. A bit more truth would help a lot.

Love, Mary-Ann Lorimer  
"Lacey Dere", Kettlewell  
Hill, Woking, Surrey

Dear IT,

I have now stopped buying your paper. I feel certain that you can produce it for less than the ridiculous price of 15p.

Love, peace and power to no-one.

A.G. Warwickshire.  
PS Fuck Dylan—what does Zappa do with his money?

Dear IT,

I heartily endorse 'Pete of Oxford's' views about the support the underground press gives to the IRA (IT/120)

It's aim of a united Ireland is obviously the right one, but its tactics of fear, murder and repression are exactly those the whole Revolution movement is trying to kick out. Support the IRA and you support the US Army in Vietnam, White Rhodesia, South Africa, Franco, the Vietcong and all who use fear, suppression and murder to further their greedy cause.

The Revolution must be peaceful and make universal equality of the people its objective, with none of the Russian Soviet idea of "some are more equal than others." Read George Orwell's "Animal Farm"—once the Revolution has succeeded, there is the danger of its leaders taking up the roles of the hypocrites they supplanted.

When fear, murderous thought and vindictive tendencies have been persuaded from a person's mind, it is no use leaving his mind a blank—the same or worse material will soon re-fill it! Love, peace and interest must be shown to this person, and he/her will readily absorb it. There is still truth in the old adage: "You have not beaten your

enemy until you have made him your friend."

I hope you haven't been too bored by this letter, keep on the good work!

Peace, love and happiness  
Trev (the rev),  
Kirby-le-Soken, Essex

Dear IT,

My family's idea of a fucking rave was two weeks at broadstairs. Too much!! Yet it was there (of all places!) that I first came across your paper. Back in London I'd got a shitty 9 to 5 job but I soon told the boss where he got off. "Fuck you Perkupp!" I said and the dreary old cunt nearly shit his breeches. Now me and Lillie (she's my chick) spend our time ripping off the System and waiting for the day when the freaks take over.

Will C Potter, The Laurels.

Dear IT,

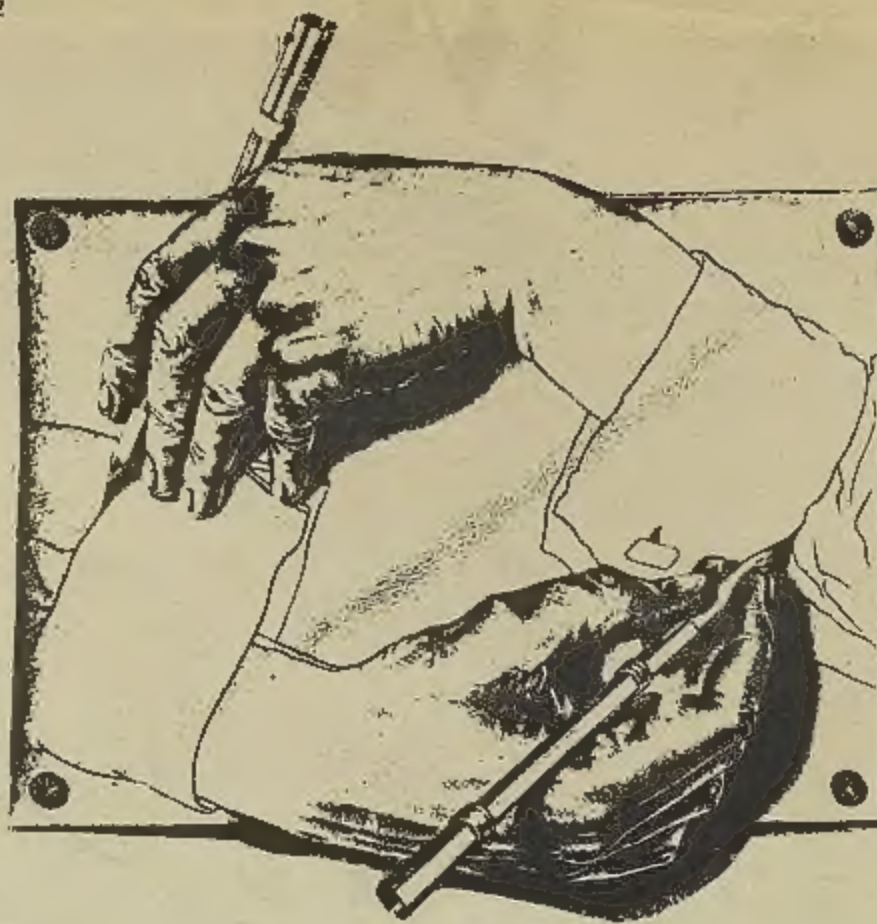
your article on Psychedelic Fascism was really good, but I thought I would point out that this kind of thing goes on in this country as well as the States, and other foreign countries. I got involved in this kind of thing under a year ago.

The leader was a Canadian Red Indian by the name of Cliff who is quite well-known to certain members of the underground. I was—especially as I am female—coerced, persuaded into the sect where I dropped acid and generally blew my head apart. This guy has a particularly large female following, but after two months of it I got so scared I ran and spent three lonely months in complete isolation trying to get my head together to face the world again. Luckily I met after this time somebody who understood my situation, and was able to help me to pull myself out of it. I still suffer from quite acute paranoia at times but I am gradually winning back my self-respect which was so brutally destroyed.

Of course, I suppose I am partly to blame for not seeing what I was getting into, but the tactics and force of this powerful man are sometimes too hard to resist. I wrote this letter in the warning that this man is dangerous, as far as I know still in London, and should be avoided if you want what is best. From what I saw when I knew God only knows what they are getting into now and what will eventually come.

I was pretty fucked up by all this and want to forget it, but I find that I cannot enjoy dropping acid any more because of the sort of trips I used to have while I was with them. I won't sign my name but anybody who knows about these people will know that every word I say is true.

Much love and peace to you all.



# LETTERS



# NEWS

## "ANGRY BRIGADE" FOR TRIAL

The Stoke Newington 8 have been sent for trial to the Central Criminal Court. Hillary Creek was given bail along with Kate Mclean and Angela Weir. She is confined to her father's home in Swansea. Similarly Angela and Kate must live in Basingstoke and Maidstone respectively. Chris Bott, Jim Greenfield and Anna Mendelson were refused bail. John Barker and Stuart Christie are also remanded in custody.

In a closing statement, Chris Bott said, "In a free society, I would not even be facing such charges, let alone committed for trial on evidence of association, political belief and police suspicion. I believe a jury will wholeheartedly support my pleas of innocence. My punishment therefore, as I have already been told by the police, will be the same as that of Purdie, Conroy and Allen; remanded in custody for weeks and months before acquittal."

John's suggestion that Haberschoon was "directing these proceedings in the nature of a bedroom farce" was only clearly shown when he actually took over cross-examination of Anna's mother, until the magistrate interrupted him with: "That's enough, Haberschoon."

Chris, Stuart and Anna were acquitted on charges of having a pair of scissors and a roll of insulating tape "in such circumstances as to cause suspicion that they did not have them for a lawful purpose."

## THE BEGINNING OF THE END?

The beginning—was the 1967 Street Offences Act (not applicable in Scotland) which reputedly made homosexual acts between males legal, provided such acts took place 'in private' and between 'consenting adults'—men over 21. This age of consent still applies even though the "age of majority" has now been lowered to 18.

In Harrow, in 1971, 120 male homosexuals were arrested on "gross indecency" and "importuning" charges—all in the same "cottage." At Victoria Station gay men have been busted time and again in the central men's loo. In Hyde Park and Holland Park unsuspecting gays are lured into "compromising" situations by plain-clothed policemen.

On Hammersmith Tow Path these detectives masquerading as outrageously queenly "straight gays" proposition their "brothers" into spending the night—in the local police station.

Now, at last, the NCCL have been advised of the Harrow busts and they are attempting to do something about it. They have asked GLF to help them to compile a report on police harassment of homosexuality. They are collecting evidence from all over the country from gays who have been harassed or victimised in any

postponed till 15 March when Bloom Publications Ltd and directors Paul Lewis, Edward Barker and Mick Farren with company Secretary Joy Farren will appear at Marlborough Street Magistrates Court for charges of possession of obscene articles for publication for gain, contrary to the Obscene Publications Act. Bloom Publications Ltd also publishes IT and is owned by the members of the IT staff.

Meanwhile Scotland Yard is investigating allegations that West End Central Police take protection money from porn shops in Soho, where the IT offices are. Many shops pay up to £500 a week to be protected from police raids and underworld protection gangs. Similar sums are paid by

elitism being tossed about at random. The main topic of GLF thinking in October was "sexism", but nothing was done to curb its increasing prevalence at GLF meetings.

On Wednesday, therefore, the women's group arrived en masse to put their case to a general meeting. They demanded 50% of GLF funds with which to open their own office and generally to get themselves together. After about an hour of arguments between GLF members, the sisters departed in high dudgeon.

A few women remained after

many good causes. Now Marcia, Bob's wife, needs help—to keep their home going, to feed their five kids, to stop them being evicted and to enable her to co-ordinate Atlantis' activities. If anything happens to Marcia, the kids or Atlantis, the pigs will have won in this, which is basically part of their general plan to get rid of or neutralise as many radicals as possible. Atlantis needs printing paper, envelopes, ink, unused stamps, etc. Bob needs ciggies and papers, seeing he's in the nick at the moment. And Marcia needs cash, the stuff you love to spend. Any or all, however small, should be sent to Marcia Davis,



club-owners and other businessmen in the area.

So far the Yard investigators say they have found no evidence against the West End pigs.

## GAY WOMEN SPLIT FROM G.L.F.

On Wednesday 2 February, about 30 women made a dramatic exit from the G.L.F., in order to start their own autonomous organisation.

At the women's think-in, held a week ago Saturday, it was decided that in view of the basic male domination of GLF and the apparent lack of political motivation amongst its members, the only way in which the women's group could retain their activist role, was to split off from the main organisation, and set a completely separate women's GLF up.

For some months there has been a great deal of bickering between the sexes with accusations of chauvinism and

the mass exit and it seemed likely that the majority (men) would eject the minority. But after a screaming match between several brothers, a sister saying she was a person and wasn't into the gender thing at all, the meeting lapsed into a somewhat broody peace.

It was finally agreed to give the sisters their 50%, after much heated argument as to the amount involved, and it is hoped most fervently that they will be successful in their venture.

It is now being rumoured that radical lesbians from women's lib may unite with the GLF sisters.

## ATLANTIS BUST

Bob Davis of Atlantis News Agency was busted a while ago—see IT/121. Atlantis has been very useful to a lotta people, and not only u/g press. Atlantis has printed leaflets, collected ciggy coupons, trading stamps and used postage stamps to help

54 Tweedy Road, Bromley, Kent BR1 3NJ

## SKOOLDAYS ARE THE HAPPIEST DAYS OF YOUR LIFE EPISODE 536

At a boys boarding school in Surrey (sorry, no names, it's dangerous for them) all the kids were surprised when the deputy head announced that everyone was to go to their formroom and stay there. They all did, and were kept there for three hours with no breaks (not even to piss) accompanied by masters. Meanwhile other masters were ransacking the dormitories, emptying out private lockers and upturning mattresses. Booze was confiscated, also fags, u/g press, tapes (eg Mothers at the Fillmore East) and some records (ditto).

When the search had finished, the kids were allowed to leave—after unlocking all

## FREE THE FOUR!

The Nasty Tales trial has been





desks and briefcases and emptying out their pockets before submitting to search. But they were only allowed to leave to go up to the hall, where they sat through a lecture on the evils of booze and porn (this latter being, they were told, the very thing the search was initiated to find). All items confiscated would be kept at least until the end of term, they were told; moreover, some of the tapes were to be erased, and all parents were to be informed of any seizures from their sons.

The revocation of all 'privileges', and the strict instruction that no-one outside the school was to be told, ended this revolting monologue. Now they can't even risk going out at night....

#### THOSE WHO DIE BY THE GUN MUST LIVE BY THE GUN

There was an explosion in a GPO inspection hatch at the Central Post Office in

Tunbridge Wells on Monday 31 January. A passerby, Mrs Ethel Chandler, was taken to hospital with head injuries. The building had been closed three times in the previous two months on bomb scares. Mr. Vic Taylor, Press Officer at Telephone House, discounted the theory that it might have been a bomb. However, word from an inside source says the particular type of hatch involved contained nothing which could possibly explode. The event is part, it seems, of a growing number of violent incidents in the area involving conflicts of lifestyles and/or beliefs. Three freaks are presently being held after pulling an armed robbery on an off-licence with a sawn-off shotgun. And the announcement in the last week of February by National Front Co-ordinator Michael Stampher that he plans to hold a meeting of about 300 NF members in the area sometime in March led to his car being burnt out over the weekend, and NF members being attacked on the street.

About 14 people have been bust in the last 2 months on various charges arising out of similar incidents. Elsewhere, there were bomb incidents in Liverpool (the TA headquarters in Edge Lane, which was very badly damaged) and in Huddersfield (two guys fire-bombed a public building).

Elsewhere in the world, the Tory Government's policies on Ireland, exemplified in the deaths in Derry, have been, as the saying goes, going down a bomb. Apart from the destruction of the British Embassy in Dublin, security precautions at the Embassy in Paris had to be tightened following several threats. And in Washington an audience of 2,700 was evacuated from the concert hall of the Kennedy Centre for the Performing Arts on 1 February, following a bomb threat. The audience, which included the British Ambassador Lord Cromer, was attending a performance of the Regimental Band and Massed Pipes of the Scots Guards (yes! really!). The threat was

phoned in by a woman with a British accent, who said that three bombs would explode in 30 minutes, and added, "the British will remember." Earlier, about 50 Irishmen had demonstrated outside the Centre.

In Boston there were protests on the same day at the State House and, for the second day running, the British Consulate. In West Berlin two men are being held in connection with a bombing at a British Army yacht club.

While usually sacrosanct book and mag shop John Menzies faces an obscenity rap from the puritan dirt squad of Edinburgh, Sphere Books, who published the offending volume—"Buttons—The Making of a President"—seem to have opted out of the proceedings. Menzies, who intend to fight the charge, have set aside £30,000 funds for the trial, but Sphere have refused to date, to offer them any financial support in the case.

#### "FUCKING" OBSCENE!

Lord Chief Justice Widgery and two other High Court judges have declared the word "fucking" obscene and annoying.

Motor dealer Herbert George Garratt used the word when he called a police officer on traffic duty "fucking blind". In fact he used the word "six times" altogether, and the pig felt he was guilty of using obscene language to the annoyance of passers-by.

The judges, in finding him guilty, reversed the decision of magistrates, who were not sure that "in this day and age" anyone would be annoyed. The evidence—two women thought the outburst "shocking", made the judges' minds up.

Widgery seems to take an awful lot of interest in obscenity cases lately, in between being a one man tribunal on the Derry 13.



## WHAT ABOUT THE WORKERS?

Workers sitting in at the Fisher-Bendix factory in Kirkby, Liverpool, which was threatened with closure have won a temporary victory. The bosses have now agreed to keep the factory open until the end of 1973.

This followed closure of the occupation of Plessey's, Aldershot, which ended with most of the jobs saved.

Of the four other strikes which we know of in the past six months, three have already ended in victory. Only UES remains unrevolved.

## GAY COURTING

The score is page 2-GEE 2 at half-time in the Festival of Light trials. In the trial of four gay brothers who were arrested in Trafalgar Square, magistrate Robey declared: "If men wish to dress as women or comic policemen that is not insulting, but men dressed as nuns or a Christian gathering is a different matter," and dismissed cases against the alternative fairs, Whitehouse and Paul Nicholas, Chris Blaby and Tim Bellingbrooke were each fined £5 with £500 costs which Nigel Goodwin, EnL's lawyer, has agreed to pay.

The 100 members arrested in Hyde Park came up on Feb 17 at 2 pm, at Grosvenor Street. They include Nicholas Wadsworth, who was dressed as "The Spirit of Porn", charged with assaulting a police officer after his diamond bracelet scratched a pig's finger.

Other GUF trials include the Henkes, must on March 14 and the Galloway, lost on 19 March, both in the morning at Marylebone.

## SWEET AND SOUR

There is reason to believe that the resignation of Peter Brindley, assistant Commissioner of Scotland Yard, was not simply a ploy at his being turned down for the job of Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police in favour of Robert Mark.

Despite efforts on the part of the Express, the Mail and other papers to boost his candidature by pretending there was a rivalry between the two, Mark's qualifications were regarded by most informed commentators as leaving little doubt.

Brindley's resignation in fact came in anticipation of the full scandal of massive corruption that he had previously concealed, becoming public investigation are already underway into the Drugs Squad, the Traffic Police and West End Central, and many pigs are either on trial or face trial, including the ex-Head of the Drugs Squad.

Much of the reason for the flourishing of bribery and corruption has been the way in which even those pigs not involved in it protect those who are. Frank Williamson, who resigned as Inspector of Constabulary (Crime) at the Home Office six years ago, believed, according to Peter Gladstone-Smith in the Sunday Telegraph, "that 10 to 20% of the CID were involved or owed a false loyalty to those who were".

Brindley is known to have encouraged this "false loyalty" for the sake of the Force's reputation. A news report in the Times hinted at this when it said, "although few members of the public knew his name, his junior officers in the CID at the Yard were never far enough to forget it."

One is bound to speculate whether the despatches coming before him were really seeking to expose corruption. The Old Bailey corruption trial has been delayed for over two years, thus effectively gagging a great deal of press comment. Hugh Brock, writing in People's News suggests "Life for the politicians and the police involved must have been a hazardous and the risk of being framed by one of the 'loyalty and integrity' boys is acute." Williamson's collusion with the investigation led directly to his resignation.

He and others must hope that Mark will begin to break up the "loyalty and integrity" school when he takes office in April. But this talk is formidable for the corruption has not only hindered the careers of the truly very fine cops and civil servants who are bent ones, but has spread even to magistrates and some officials of the Director of Public Prosecution and the Attorney General.

Right back in 1963, Robey and another magistrate, once paid perjured police evidence and failed to expose the case of the planted bricks in the police frame-up of Donald Boon and others. Robey was formerly on the professional staff of the D.P.P.

Eventually in that case, Det Sgt. Challinor was made a scapegoat and sent to a mental hospital. The lot of scapegoats may be very hard indeed and the effect on police morale and image rather and far-reaching, before the Force begins to be cleaned up.

## IMPLOSION SUCKS

The origin concept behind Implosion was to put in concerts where the audience wouldn't be screwed at the door and for any profit to be kept moving in the community. So far the community is concerned, Implosion is months ago. The first halls in the courts were put there this Saturday with Release of Public

disclaimer about their involvement in Implosion and the group America's single making the top 20 charts. Implosion has now become an inner circle and purposes a "solidarity" for a privileged few.

What works is Implosion now is:

(1) Will the principal participants: Geoff Denton, dj, manager of America, who record for Warner Bros, friend of Ian Samuels (producer of Warner Bros, which is part of Kinney Corp, which is eventually owned by Kinney Holding Corporation, which has its board meetings with consecutive translators into Sicilian (PS vol 2 no 13); How far away for America at the NEWS Agency; and an Knight, producer of the Rainbow Theatre, when America recently played, now publicly admit the Implosion has finally failed, go back to the community and supported and build up its reputation.

(2) Will Implosion continue to get away with paying gross £10,000 per gig? Or to put it another way: will groups who have a lot of money beneficiaries shall get any seriously reviewed? (Is it fair that Jeff, who was blatantly used his influence to push his group America, who like performers and record plugs, was not in the past more money per Implosion gig as of than some of the great players?)

(3) Will the Labour Party that helped to bring Centre 42 into being try, even at this late stage, to do something about this exploitation of the facilities of the Roundhouse for commercial gain?

If there is anybody left who still believes in a genuine anti-implosion and Centre 42, would they please stand up and be counted? If there are any musicians who would like to support 'Community Aid Groups', will they please contact Community Music, c/o 141 Westbourne Park Road, London W11 1BD (01 226 8219/7145/8786).

## THE NATIVES ARE RESTLESS

The Queen, who visits Thailand in February, was preceded there by British counter-insurgency expert Sir Robert Thompson, who has reported that it is "safe" for her to go.

Shortly after his visit, there was a coup d'etat in Thailand which removed the Hindu vestiges of democracy in which the military regime in Bangkok had clothed itself.

Thompson was involved in the suppression of the guerrilla forces during the Malayan emergency, and when Kennedy asked him to help in Vietnam in 1961, Thompson was packed off to help reorganise the Saigon police.

Since then he has become the British "expert" on guerrilla war, though his experience is more impressive than his intelligence. In writing his writings are promoted by the American-funded Institute for Strategic Studies.

Thailand, where America's principal base for air attacks on Laos, Cambodia and Vietnam, has well organised liberation movements in various parts of the country under a unified command. Even Thompson, when talking to King Bhumibol, was forced to admit that there were areas of the country which could not be entered without a major military operation.

Doubtless the British Queen will be kept close to Bangkok.

## HULL NEWS

Two freaks busted for dope in Hull have been sent to trial at a High Court. Locals fear that the case of Roy Corney and a male friend being made a show trial to prove that the reformed Hull Blues Squad mean business. Some vehicles had also been ripped off the pier and a heavy estate is expected.

However, one consolation is that the Hull Blues may have moved in too quickly and scared off a bigger Northern operation who was being watched by the London D-Squad, thus exposing their flat feet.

The vocal freak spot "The Brickhouse" went bust just before Christmas, but will be reopening, probably as the "Sunshine Club".

*Guerrilla Television* by Michael Shamus and Richard Corbett is published by Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 383 Madison Avenue, New York 10017. You should be able to get it from them, or from Radical Software, 85, 12th St, N.Y. 10003. There ought to be some in this country, since Compendium are trying to get some through before the US book strike starts - watch this paper for more details.

## POPULATION CONTROL

Here's news of a birth control pill. Safe & Co Ltd sell Ovulens 50 wafers to clinics at £8 for fifty (i.e. 25p per wafer). The recommended dose to patients is 35p per wafer.

## ABORTION CLINICS

We came across something pretty bad which I think should be made known. In the 1971-72 'MUG Discount Directory' are three large advertisements for abortion clinics which offer overcharge and all of which have names misleadingly similar to The Pregnancy Advisory Service which is a respectable non-profit organisation who charge £65 in all.

I asked my research group to phone each one, saying she was pregnant, and how much would an abortion cost in each case? The said she couldn't afford what they asked, could they do it for less?

Here are the results:  
(1) *Pregnancy Advisory Centre* (Kensington Laboratories) 129a Hampton Rd, SW8 (081 0391) £150. Friendly, persuasive woman, last (almost) when George said she couldn't possibly afford that much.  
(2) *Pregnancy Consultation Service* (Mortimer Laboratories) 20 Mortimer St, W1 (01 580 0061) £120, eventually came down to £50 which they said was their absolute minimum.  
(3) *Central Pregnancy Advisory Centre* 48a Wickham St, WGM (01 21 9976) The man laughed when George said she could only afford £70 and said as she was hard up she could have none for £130.

A further warning is that these associated and other commercial pregnancy testing services recommend clients with positive results to expensive clinics, presumably on commission.

The best thing to do is avoid fully in Alternative London before 195-196, but my best hint since is to go to the FPA at 27 Mortimer Street, W1 (01 686 7886) between 11 and 3. They do really reliable pregnancy tests while you wait for £4.50 and if it's positive there's someone to discuss it with you who can put you in touch with good people to help you out, whether you decide to keep the baby, have it adopted, or have an abortion.

Nicholas Saunders.

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**£18-76**  
a week  
if you join for  
3 years

**£20-23**  
a week  
if you join for  
6 years

**£22-54**  
a week  
if you join for  
9 years

IN THE  
MODERN  
ARMY

Join the professionals! That's what Frankie Abbott of TV's Fenn Street gang did. The trouble was he thought his 48 leave was for 48 days instead of the customary 48 hours, and as he sat at home, with his mum stuffing him full of cream buns and chocolates, the MP's arrived and carted him back to base.

For once the friendly TV fantasy became very real. Frankie isn't the only one to fall for the army's £4 million a year advertising budget. Ever since the Lacey Commission recommended that once conscription ended the forces would have to make sure that it got young people before they had savoured the delights of civilian life, most of that budget has been devoted to attracting kids too young to know what they're doing.

Go on, the policeman find that the adverts contained nothing but lies and that there is no legal way out of the forces for them. That's why 8600 men and 130 young soldiers are presently listed as absent from the Army. The desertion rate has in fact been so high since the Army's involvement in Ireland that a worried Ministry of Defence has ordered a crackdown on it and inaugurated a new system under which the pigs receive an early warning of the whereabouts of deserters by means of a teleprinter. A central register of all deserters is to be kept in New Scotland Yard.

### TALKING TO A DESERTER

A little older, and Frankie Abbott might be deserting too. One who did, we'll call him John, was caught recently as he tried to leave the UK. Having been successfully absent without leave for more than six years, he was captured by a watchful customs pig telling new passports come under careful scrutiny and handed over to the army. He was, in the following three weeks, court-martialled and discharged. This is what John had to say in a conversation with IT:

Like many soldiers, John joined the army when he was 15 and served a three year apprenticeship. After this he signed on for nine years and three more years to the army reserve. During the first month he could have bought himself out for about £30. After this the sum rose to £260. Naturally, during the first month, he was bored. He is now, says John, and few have thoughts of going back into army service. Even if he'd had this money to get out, John doubts if the army would have let him out. Like any other big business they don't want to lose the skilled tradesmen they have trained. For that reason the decision to get out is best made as early as possible, preferably before a guy has finished his apprenticeship.

### Getting Out

According to John, people try many ways to get out. They fail every single exam, they take no interest in courses, they make a general nuisance of themselves. They keep asking to be let out and applying to buy themselves out. They're messy, they come on queer. They get themselves thrown in nick.

They go AWOL as often as possible. All these things are taken in consideration by the army in applications to be let out.

What if all this fails? Most people keep on trying, says John. Thieving gets a useful black mark. For many, the obvious way of getting out is on medical grounds, usually by walking up and down for hours on end with boots and no socks to cause flat feet.

### Keeping Out

If even this fails, then apparently, the would-be deserter often becomes a model soldier with the aim of going AWOL on his first leave. Once AWOL, John reveals, there are standard ways of avoiding capture. A successful deserter never goes anywhere near his home, doesn't contact friends or relatives, avoids large cities. In fact he often starts life from scratch with a new name, no friends and no work either. If asked, he will say his parents are dead and he was brought up in an orphanage.

Like John, many deserters try to leave the country, but they have more chance of success if they go straight away before the authorities are notified. Otherwise they go to Southern Ireland or sign on as a merchant seaman. Even so, John maintains that he would have got through customs but for the newness of his passport.

The longer a deserter stays out, the more chance he has of keeping out, says John. And if he settles down and gets married, the army is more likely to let him out even if he's caught.

John reckons a deserter who keeps out of trouble with the law and has a good cover for his alias will never need to worry. "We're not in 1984 yet!"

### Caught

If a deserter is caught, he's court-martialled. According to his contract, he's still in the army, but if, like John, he's got a good record, he may well be thrown out. Otherwise the determined deserter will be sent to Colchester. There, if the lad still wants out, he refuses to soldier. He refuses to do O-level PT or anything. Then he's put in solitary with no smoke, no reading, no bed, no lights and no proper food. Gradually his health deteriorates and the army gives up.

If he can't stick it, but still wants out, he'll pretend to give in, become a model soldier, and on his first leave, start all over again.

John wishes more people would help deserters, whatever their motives for deserting. Everyone has a right to reject being kept in the forces against his will and people have a duty to help them stay out. Remember, there's a war on!

The article by Gordian Trooller in the last IT, a piece headed 'Communication Breakdown', posed some suggestions for TV as a mass medium in the light of

the removal of restrictions on broadcasting hours and the granting of the first experimental open (i.e. unrestricted programming) cable TV franchise in this country. But it is important to realise that TV is not necessarily a mass medium, but can be made to work on a very small scale, even as a community information service. This piece attempts to explain both why this is necessary even given greater access to the mass media

In modern society we are all information junkies. Information is used as a kind of psychic energy input, perhaps to help replace that lost in fruitless dealings in and with the capitalist structure. Take, for example, the American all-news stations, soon to come over here as part of the new commercial radio network. What they basically do is to repeat the same information—with predominantly minor alterations—about every fifteen minutes. So why do people tune to them and stay there for hours? It is because, says Michael Shumberg in his book 'Guerrilla Television', on which this article is based, the news provides an information-musak background to any sort of activity. The information is there on the screen, present without being really noticed.

Which is probably one of the reasons that people consistently underestimate the power of the medium. For things have changed a great deal in television since its conception, and not just technically.

As TV has certain response visual input, the time necessary to convey a given amount of information becomes that much shorter. New techniques have then to be developed to exploit this, leading many people from the past two generations, and particularly the earlier one, to complain sometimes that they cannot follow the few programmes made entirely for, by and in TV. Thus control of TV passed to did the other two main media classifications, print and film, through in the case of the latter only until the middle sixties, and the hands of those in the older generation with the resources (financial, technology and personnel) to make TV work.

But, as mentioned above, the two other main media classifications, labour and under a similar burden until the middle sixties. It was then that printing was supplanted by the spread in usage of the other two, which put access to the printed word into the hands of many who would previously have had very little chance of access. It is perfectly true to say that it was offset litho, with its cheapness and, above all, flexibility, that made the underground press possible—a fact stated frequently before, but no less worth repeating in this context even so. The TV equivalent of the offset press is the video Porta-Pak, a development of far more potential importance than the offset press, given the growing replacement of the printed word by TV.

The first portable video units to come on the commercial market were introduced by Sony, the Japanese electronics manufacturer, to the States

in 1966. Videotape equipment had been in use as far back as 1956, but it was hardly portable, being clumsy, heavy, cumbersome, complex and basically immovable. Its most prohibitive factor, however, was its cost—to put up to do video recording cost something in the lower reaches of five figures. Now, however, it need only cost as little as £100 for a basic system. Needless to say, several groups in the States, England and elsewhere lost no time in latching on to their new equipment, so that things have now reached the stage where Shumberg (remember Shumberg? He's the guy who wrote the book... I can say with confidence, 'By now it's clear that television has succeeded print as this culture's dominant communication medium').

Finally, the uses and functions of video. The first and most essential point is the portable video, by its very simplicity, helps to destroy the mystique surrounding the media no less than any other supposedly highly complicated operation or occupation; this is a mystique exploited by the controllers of capitalism to keep us all in ignorance and divided. But video has many other highly important uses, more the profiteering bullshit being pushed by many big firms about employee training and surveillance. About recording your favourite TV programmes

or buying them pre-recorded from your friendly local media exploiters. For portable video is a force in itself, a potential for socio-political change far greater than any other medium. Consider a community with video. Its members can not only keep a check on what is happening elsewhere in the community, but can also attend meetings, demos, events, etc., and give a true picture of what happened. The off-cited Frost vs Rubin programme provides an excellent example of this.

Video will also make a useful tool to decultify cinema, by making available not only the tools to make cheap monochrome 'movies' (there are, as yet no colour video systems available at an economic price) but also by providing the sorely-needed market for the short film-maker through videocassettes. And, finally, you can use video as a more abstract tool. Play 'live' pictures next to recorded pictures and see if the juxtaposition adds any new realities to the situation (say, for example, a policy speech from Stormont and tape of the Army in action in Derry). Help kids to expand their minds by giving them video and helping them, if they want, to make 'programmes'. Use your video as a pre-emptive weapon—start filming in a store with its own surveillance cameras and watch what happens. The suggestions are endless, and you ought to have more. Think, save, buy and use. The Media Generation is waiting for you.





# WOMEN IN NICK

The author of this description of the rigours of Holloway, England's one prison for women, cannot give her name. Subject of the charmless attentions of our Special Branch, and prime suspect for 'Angry Brigade' activities, she remains out of sight. She tells of physical and mental privations, the extra problems that face women when they are put in gaol, and of tomorrow's Holloway, where ECT will be the cure-all, and mental illness the prescribed disease.

It's very hard to write about Holloway once you have walked out through the heavy iron gate and the final solid wooden door, into a comparative freedom. Suddenly you are confronted by the roar of traffic speeding down Camden Road; so many people all frantically doing a thousand different things, and by the next day it's hard to imagine how you could have spent so many hours locked up, just lying on a hard bed looking at the ceiling. "How did I take all that SHIT?" I ask myself. The answer is that being in Holloway is a fight for survival. Every woman in there is aware that the system is trying to crush them/take over their lives/prevent them from doing what they want to do.

In the 3 weeks I was there, I must have talked to maybe 60 different women—those on remand, or those doing sentences of up to a year. In that time I didn't hear anyone express any feelings of guilt for their 'crime', and if there was any self criticism at all, it was usually centred around the stupid mistakes that had led them to get caught. "I was just putting this jumper into my bag, and there was this store detective right behind me!" It's hardly surprising when one finds that the majority of women in Holloway are there for shoplifting or check frauds. A good half of those had been doing nicking food, or children's clothes, usually because it was impossible for them to manage on the money they had. Like one woman I met had five kids. Her husband had split, and all she had was £3.50 family allowance. The

SS refused to give her any more until they could trace her husband. Surprise, surprise, she got a fine for shoplifting!.....6 months.

Others, especially younger women, had nicked clothes. Maybe trendy ones that



'objectively' they didn't 'need' like people 'need' food. But you don't have to be very perceptive to realize the incredible pressure put on women to 'look attractive', wear trendy clothes, and look at the prices of those clothes. Fashion designers and boutiques are making a fortune in cultivating these false needs, conning women. They're the REAL criminals.

There're a few women in on drunk & disorderly—a lot more in on dope, and some in for soliciting. A high proportion are young—one girl being kept on straight remand was only 14. A large number seem to drift in and out of Holloway, like Q—had been in and out 4 times in the previous five years. In some cases, the 'crime' was minor, like taking some old scenes—there are no other alternatives left to them usually—and for them, getting bust just becomes an inevitable occupational hazard.

In all, there are very few that the authorities would define as 'hardened criminals', and although there's still quite a large number of fascist screws who tell you that you are "evil and wicked, because otherwise you wouldn't be here," the official attitude is changing to one of 'there must be something wrong with you—you're highly disturbed.' (the new Holloway will be a 'medically orientated establishment for assessment and treatment.') With this in mind, the screws with a social conscience and those who are it's in your interests to be locked up. "I've been in the women's house

of outside."

"The Purpose of Training and Treatment of Convicted Prisoners is to Encourage and Assist them to Lead a good and useful life." (Prison Rule No. 1). While you're there they pump you with the sickest values of society (in the new Holloway they will be using shock treatment). They begin by ensuring that you don't get anything too controversial to read: On going into Reception, the 'Welcome to Holloway', where you may have to sit 6

hours, you are told that at one end. If any of the women in the factory complained, they were forced to stand at the end of the passage while this screw walked towards them slowly, yelling "Come on now, give it to me!" until the girl broke and smashed back, which of course meant being put into the strips. (The strips is Holloway's standard punishment. You are dragged off to a padded cell, stripped, left often without bed or blankets with nothing

It is hard to organize in Holloway. Any solidarity is collectively put forward demands, and you'll all get done for mutiny! In spite of the efforts the screws make to divide people up by minimizing association periods, there is a really strong feeling of solidarity between the prisoners. There are signs that the consciousness inside is changing—in the autumn, when a girl was put in the strips for climbing on the roof, everyone banged on their doors and shouted until she was let out. Now, all the women can have their hour's exercise a day—up until last autumn, women were lucky if they got ½ hour a week, but because of consistent pressure put on the governor by the women, they've got it.

If you know a woman in Holloway, go and visit them as often as you can. Remand prisoners can have a 15 minute visit each day, but it seems that very few of them are visited regularly. Also they can have meals sent in, and a small amount of beer or wine, cigarettes, fruit, sweets, etc. Books and newspapers can be sent in from newspapers. If the person you visit has been unable to get hold of a copy of the prison newspaper, (which is likely), try and get her one sent in. Very few people in Holloway are aware of what rights they do have, and all too often, the screws and the governor will deny them to save trouble. As one woman put it: "They always tell you how to get the prison food, let alone how to get food sent in." The authorities task is much simpler if the women have minimal communication or no communication with the outside. They are totally paranoid that any information about conditions inside should reach the public outside—to such a degree that they freak out completely when you demand the right to make confidential notes on your defence, because they are so sure you will use the paper to write an expose of them. This is what the screws want: they want the prison to be a place where people outside should increase communication as much as possible, so that the daily atrocities inside do become known.

to read. If you're really unlucky they'll put you in a strait-jacket and give you bread and water. It's the kind of punishment that keeps you acutely aware that they can and will take everything away.

If the fear of the strips are not enough to pacify you into submission, the screws dish out large quantities of downing drugs like valium and librium. Once you've agreed to this treatment, a nurse will stand over you until you've taken your dose, and if necessary, force it down you. (If you're in the Hospital wing, you won't even have the initial choice). A lot of women take them, because they are a certain escape from the reality of the situation. Not only does it make the women much easier to control, but it gives the Prison an additional power over you. They can always take them away.

Suicide becomes the screws' greatest fear. Constantly they'll remind you that "you can't have that polythene bag, you'll stick your head in it", or "you can't have scissors, you might stab yourself". Being continually assured you want to kill yourself, and the systematic deprivation of so many things 'for your own protection' doesn't exactly help you keep your sanity. It all seems pretty ludicrous in the context of a Holloway cell, where there's always plenty of broken glass around from the smashed windows. When the women are really uptight, they cut great gashes in their arms—maybe not so deep that they're still alive.

or 7 hours in a dressing gown, locked in a 2 ft sq box; all you will find to read there will be a ten year old copy of 'Readers Digest'. The libraries on the wings are generally full of Woman's Own type novels. I was the first person ever to get permission to receive 'Ink' and 'Time Out' even though, unlike 'IT', they're not against Home Office regulations. The Prison, of course, maintained the power to censor individual copies, which in effect meant I never saw either. From time to time they'll show films—like 'Curry on Camping' or other sexist reactionary shit.

Convicted or unconvicted, in Holloway you're expected to work (though on remand you do have the 'choice' between that or being locked up 23 hours a day). According to the prison rules, you will be allotted to the kind of work for which you are most suitable; i.e. either cleaning the wing with a bucket of water and scrubbing brush, on your hands and knees, or light, monotonous industrial work, like packing plastic knickers. Firms outside do pretty well out of the latter—where else would they find a work force to work for 20p per week, with no powers to strike or to quit? Idling in the workroom is a 'reportable offence'. In fact they did lose out on the plastic knickers; girls started sending messages out in them, and within a few weeks the contract was taken away.

They had this jam factory about 2 years ago, and apparently, at the back there was a long







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# SUBBIFUNNIES

What else can we say. We could lie to you, deceive you, or offer you lewd incentives.

Nasty Tales has been busted for obscenity. The Dirt Squad raided IT's Berwick Street offices on 21 June last year and at that time confiscated 300 copies of Nasty Tales No.1. Now Bloom (Publications) Limited has been charged with possession of "obscene articles for publication for gain namely 275 copies of a magazine called 'Nasty Tales No.1'." Also charged are directors Edward Barker, Mick Farren and Paul Lewis, and company secretary Joy Farren. ("I'm an innocent dupe" says Joy). The maximum sentence is three years imprisonment or a £5000 fine.

Unfortunately these legal run-ins with the piggies cost lots and lots of money. Still, we don't want to make a big thing of this case if it can be avoided. A long trial would only be costly, boring and silly. We could plead that Nasty Tales has artistic merit or is in the public good, but maybe we'll just plead insanity. However, if we are heavily fined, both IT and Nasty Tales will be seriously affected so if you want to see them keep on coming, help in any way you can.

Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to "Nasty Tales Defence Fund." Enquiries and offers of help to Mac, Nasty Tales Defence Fund, 11a Berwick Street, London W1A 4PF (Tel: 01 434 1372).

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# BRINGING THE WAR BACK HOME

Jonathon Green



Oh me name is O'Hanlon  
I'm just gone 16  
My home is in (Derry)  
Where I was weaned  
I've learnt all my life  
through  
Cruel England to blame  
So I'm a part of  
The Patriot Game.\*

IN the last weeks Northern Ireland has become a mortuary, and Eire has turned into a permanent wake. It isn't surprising. In a state of civil war, there must inevitably be casualties for both sides. And, as a recent angry letter in the Daily Mirror told us: "Rules are rules, and those who break them must expect to suffer." It is assumed that the latest batch of Ulster Catholic corpses have done just that, and doubtless met their due deserts at the hands of 'our boys.'

The situation in Ulster can no longer be regarded as a conveniently distant phenomenon, for which the apposite cries of 'Right On', and 'Fuck The Pope' can serve as actions. The

cunning smokescreens of the British press have failed to mask the realities of the situation: The Guardian, whose liberal pious newdesk has its ideological excellence destroyed by the leader writers; the Daily Mirror who offer up plans to cure 'Sunday, Bloody Sunday' and use their 'government rejection' to publicise nothing more than their own falling circulation maintain the battle for delusion every day. With idealistic optimism Bernadette Devlin exhorts the British workers, promising internment and the Special Powers Act for themselves in five years if they do not up arms and forward at once.

The workers won't be surging forward tomorrow, despite the excesses of a dying empire, and the Fleet Street solutions won't make it in Whitehall. Britain, typified as a 'Museum of Style' by stylist-in-chief Tom Wolfe, won't alter that apathetic blueprint of the last few decades overnight, but more and more 'men on the Clapham omnibus', be they tied to TV or the gutter press generalisations, are beginning to see that the Ulster 'problem' has reached the status and importance of a British Vietnam.

15,000 troops awaited fifteen to twenty thousand marchers in Newry, as near one apiece as makes no difference. Even the popular press are finding it tough to keep the atrocity stories off their pages. The Times and the New Statesman, among others, featured prominently the complaints of senior Army officers against the heavy handedness of the Parachute Regiment. They were ruining what few community relations the army had established, said COs, and they should be kept out of the way. Four days later the Derry march was face to face with the same, acknowledgedly headline troops.

A while ago British troops killed a Belfast citizen who poked his head around the wrong corner at the wrong time. His grieving relations and friends went to their local IRA rep. and asked him what he could do for them. In a couple of days the man, lieutenant of a brigade, was in a house overlooking the barracks from which the killers had come. After a week he had checked out their movements. Selecting a window with a suitable vantage point, he shot two soldiers. As he sped away down the back alleys of Belfast, women stood ready at each doorway to take from part of his rifle, and its ammunition. When he reached the end of the



line, and the marauding soldiery, he was clean.

Like Vietnam, where despite American avowals, the people have turned to the Vietcong rather than the alien troops, for aid, Ulster has transformed the IRA from a distinct band of militants into what amounts to a whole community, all oriented strictly against the occupying forces. As long as gunmen get that kind of co-operation from the people amongst whom they operate, all the PYG vehicles, packed with troops, that the Army can muster, will have little effect.

"Pull out the troops" cry many of those who claim they have solutions for the Ulster scene, though whether or not this is accompanied by "Let the bastards kill each other off" is a debatable point. The suggestion of sending UN militia in is complicated by the irony that prime choice for such a peace-keeping force would be the Irish Army themselves, whose active service tends to be confined to such operations. But patriots of both sides can be assured of one thing: No Surrender, the popular Protestant warcry, has been taken up by Home Secretary Reginald Maudling, late victim of the nails of the Independent MP for Mid-Ulster,

as his standpoint for negotiations—or lack of them. No chance of getting the troops out, no hope of seeing UN troops, whatever their origin, manning the streets of Belfast and Derry. The glories that supposedly were the Empire (now gloriously reproduced with every illusion perfect on Time/LIFE TV) have to be maintained. Northern Irish protestants are stolidly remembering 1690; the British government has decided to stay stuck back there too. Faded imperialism lives on, and chauvinism doesn't always require the adjective 'male'.

To write new words on Ulster is a growing problem. When your Sunday Sp. can obtain the most lurid details of what the British are doing in every Northern Ireland town, any reiteration of such events is superfluous; when official enquiries have to invoke the laws of contempt of court against the possibility that establishment TV stations may show too much of the truth, the "underground" can only join in the shocked chorus of description. Like Vietnam in America, Northern Ireland has become the cause celebre of the lives, not only of the radical or reactionary extremes, but of everyone who takes time

off from the daily trivia to observe what is going on outside. And just as in America, the popular protest has reached such an extent as to force the government to get out fast from their disastrous involvement overseas, then the British government is the mercy of public opinion.

Letters to Maudling, public protests against the internments and the general policies of government in Ulster, press campaigns, all can aid a movement to this end. 'The British Left', stated one Irish radical, 'can do little more than move a bunch of people around waving banners.' The Left is no longer the only group appalled by the situation in Ulster. The government is theoretically representative of the peoples' will—for once it might be made to act as such.

Now as I lie here  
Me body all holes  
I think of those traitors  
That bargained and sold  
I wish my air rifle  
Had given the same  
To the Quislings who sold  
out  
The Patriot Game.\*

\*minimal adaption of 'The Patriot Game', Dermot Behan





## ROLLER DERBY PLEASES THE PEOPLE

Hiawatha L. Harvell, black, 25, and like 12 million other Americans a full-fledged Roller Derby fanatic, prides himself on being the Bay Area's foremost hater of the San Francisco Bay Bombers.

If you follow the Bombers out of town, he

Charlie O'Connell and the other really are. You wouldn't root for them no how.

Hiawatha should know when he's employed. He follows the Bay Bombers on every stop of their April to September home tour a circuit that includes Oakland, Stockton, Sacramento, San Jose, and

as far as Reno. The economy being the way it is, Hiawatha is unemployed and can only afford the Sunday afternoon contests at Kezar Pavilion in Golden Gate Park. All seats, two bucks. They're all filled.

The evidence this Sunday doesn't yet confirm what Hiawatha says about Charlie O'Connell. O'Connell is clearly leader of the pack, weaving tentatively gracefully, sidestepping, pushing, and checking, often using the corner and looking (at 35) the unparalleled skating star of Roller Derby.

A short time later one of the Red Devils is sprawled out of the floor. Charlie glides over to investigate, puts a charming hand on the ref's shoulder. Then he is back on the rink.

Hiawatha freaks, unleashing a scurrious scream of verbal abuse that can't be effectively captured in print. Down the row from us, a crowd of older blacks who've been polishing off a case of Coors threaten to do the same to him if he doesn't shut up. The scene is not unlike the reaction of the Police Grounds if you were foolish enough to bad-mouth Willie Mays.

Next to Hiawatha, a white woman, screaming with spaced crooked teeth, fisted stretch pants and crossed Woodyworth white blouse, nods with washwoman brown eyes behind a bottle of gin. At half-time, a pre-teen black girl with pigtailed walks past us, a button on her coat proclaiming I'VE GOT GUTS, and there is no reason to doubt her. Sandra's last album blasts from the sound system.

The game's almost over, and Hiawatha is jubilant. Red Devils 38, Bombers 31. Finally, the enormous black woman in front of us, who's been restraining her five-year-old boy from assaulting the traitorous Hiawatha, can take it no longer.

"They don't have to worry! As long as they whip the hell out of em, it doesn't matter

how many points they get."

The woman is right. To most Roller Derby fans, a good game is when the ferocity of the fights makes you forget the score. It almost always does. Sometimes, simply being at the game is almost better than even watching the fights. In San Jose, a Roller Derby town if ever there was one, advance

sale minutes after each game starts. And every time, the crowd gets noticeably thinner, as people who paid to get in spend the entire game in the lobby on the ticket line.

There is more to Roller Derby than throwing Christians to the floor, even though no one denies the violence and the use of wrestling moves. A personality derby, each team has its own style. The Bombers are a spit (and cousin, pro wrestling, no one knows beforehand how each game will turn out, and this year, the Bay Bombers, who once had a reputation like the Harlem Globetrotters—always smashing inferior teams—aren't even the world champs.

Once you get used to it, Roller Derby becomes sport as well as spectacle. It's not a different game to follow. Each team has four or five men and five women, with men skating against men and women against women in eight alternating 12 minute periods. Sometimes, the skaters forget, like the time Bombers tigress Carpie "peanut" Meyer, 4'11" and 95 lb., kicked the sled out of monstrous Red Devil Bob Dante for getting too rough with her husband, Bomber hero Tony Roman.

When the ref blows his whistle, the two teams start skating together in what is known as The Pack. On each team are two blockers, wearing white helmets, two jammers in striped helmets, and a pivot man (that's what O'Connell does), who wears a black helmet.

The jammers try to break out of the pack, and as soon as one of them does, then a jam is in effect. The jammers have 60 seconds to lap the track, and they get a point for each member of the opposition they pass.

Allegedly, there are limits to the violence skaters are allowed to perpetrate on one another. Females can be called "let the decision of the referee" for things like holding, illegal blocking, tripping and other sorts of minor mayhem. Major penalties can get you two-minute in the can, for things like "high leg, intentional roughness, subordination, gross unsportsmanlike conduct, and ruling."

The catch is that the ref has to see it happen, and in Derby, every possible fantasy about official incompetence ("The ump is blind!") seems to be true. Sometimes things get out of hand. There are real personal animosities and rivalries on the track that carry on through an entire season. They sometimes turn matches into near-murderous bloodbaths.

The Bombers and the Northeast Braves often seem to

be more interested in breaking bones than scoring points. Thanks mainly (but not entirely) to a feud between O'Connell and Braves Ronnie Robinson and Bob Woodbury. Some times O'Connell will go mad dog, like he did when he was a teenager as a member of the Ravens gang on New York's nasty lower west side. He grabs Woodbury, kudos

referee, choking Woodbury for ten or fifteen seconds before unleashing a killer right that puts the Braves star out cold for about five seconds. A minute later, Woodbury goes berserk, mauling every Bomber a sees, until his teammates gang up on him down the carriage.

The women on the two teams are as wild as the men. In one game, Bomber Dolores Tucker was so rough on a Braves skater

on each other serve a minute penalty time, and immediately come out swinging.

Later in the same game, O'Connell strikes a block in the middle of the pack, turns around, and the game stops while he and Woodbury go punch-for-punch, accompanied by a great blow by blow description by the usually reserved telecaster Walt Harris.

Roller Derby also has its fierce and vicious "under women" skaters. Ann Caldwell, a 41-year-old Leo born in the Blight, Ashbury—who gets placed at kids who "don't want to fight for their country." After each game, Ann is escorted by police to her \$9,000 Lincoln Continental. A few years ago, Ann was attacked by an infuriated fan, who ripped off her blouse and bra. Ann Caldwell is easy to spot when she takes her helmet off. Before most games, she likes to dye her hair purple, green, blue and once pink dot.

The heroine of Roller Derby is Joan Weston, the "Golden Girl" of the Bombers. In high school, Joan and a friend used to sneak down to the Rose Bowl, where the LA team skated, to practice from 6:30 to 9 a.m., when the team would show up. Joan and friend then hid in the stands until noon, when they'd go back down and skate until a noon curfew time.

After her second year at Mount St. Mary's College, Joan quit to join the Roller Derby. It was a good move. Considered by some to be America's "most popular female athlete," Joan makes over \$30,000 a year, and has been selected Roller Derby Queen four times since 1958.

Joan speaks frankly and articulately about the game, and what it's like to be a woman in the Derby. But, says Joan, what about the popular notion that women in Roller Derby are lesbians?

"The girls are people who love skating, travel and independence," she told Herb Michelson, author of *A Very Simple Game*, the official Roller Derby history book. "Sure, there are a few girl-girl things here," continues Joan. "But they're really none of my business. The only time I'll interfere is if it happens on the track. In the arena in front of the fans, but you have to stand

otherwise, I've tried several times to talk to the young kids. Thanks I'll say. 'Look, you know what's happening,' and their first reaction is total shock. But I've found that they (the gay skaters) stick to themselves. The only things I'll tell a girl now is how to dress on the road."

Roller Derby is a product of the Depression. Leo Seltzer was looking for a new twist for the sports shows, dance marathons, and show-day races he used to run on at the Chicago Coliseum when he ended in the Johnny Degas, that not only would London beat Roosevelt but his roller skating was the most popular pastime in the country. One day in 1915, 20,000 people

After struggling through the late fifties, Derby got on its feet again when Jerry Seltzer, Leo's son, took over the promotion and made some changes. The barked track was adjusted for faster skating and easier mobility: now, in a few hours, a track could be installed in any auditorium in the country. Jerry lowered ticket prices and took Roller Derby to towns like Berkeley and San Jose, bringing in new fans while letting the tube cool. Soon he discovered he had a game that plain ordinary people not only liked, but identified with.

"Some say we're catering to the silent majority. But they're actually the vocal majority. I don't like to generalize: our crowds are mostly blue collar, men and women. Yet you get a lot of people that aren't."

Roller Derby boomed, especially in the Midwest, but in 1937 tragedy struck. A bus carrying 47 skaters, trainers and aides blew a tire and went off a bridge near Salem, Mass. 44 of the 47 died, including most of the game's most promising skaters.

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Roller Derby is a sport that wants to please the fans, and that's why they did it," says Atkinson. "We have 75% bloodthirsty, chilling people for fans." Because of that, says

Buddy, the game is more violent now than it was in the old days. During World War II, Roller Derby cut down to two teams, but by the time the war was over, Seltzer was ready to roll for the big time. In 1949, he booked the Derby into New York's 69th Regiment Armory for 17 nights. The first night, 150 people showed up.

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was to make its television debut, so Seltzer and his staff went out on the street and paid people to come to the game. Only 400 showed, Seltzer packed them in one section where the cameras could make it look like the arena was packed. The next fifteen days were sold out, and for the next two years three games a week were televised from the

arena like *Too Hot to Handle* and her husband, the still-active Ken Monte.

All the TV was a bit much, and by 1953 Roller Derby was nearly dead from overexposure. Part of the problem was scheduling—there was no off-season. After a world championship game in New York, says Seltzer, a Derby telecaster Ken Nydell, the new

After struggling through the late fifties, Derby got on its feet again when Jerry Seltzer, Leo's son, took over the promotion and made some changes. The barked track was adjusted for faster skating and easier mobility: now, in a few hours, a track could be installed in any auditorium in the country. Jerry lowered ticket prices and took Roller Derby to towns like Berkeley and San Jose, bringing in new fans while letting the tube cool. Soon he discovered he had a game that plain ordinary people not only liked, but identified with.

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# it:mail

## records

(add 10p postage each)

**Kralingen/Isle of Wight** £1 75

This record is dedicated to Jefferson Airplane, Side A-Santana, Dr John the Night Tripper, Jefferson Airplane Side B-Jeffro Tuli, Doors, Arrival, Richie Havens, Jimi Hendrix Experience

**BOB DYLAN-Black Nite****Crash** £2 25

inc. Desolation Row, Visions of Johanna, Just Like a Woman and more, all live

**BOB DYLAN-40 Red White & Blue Shoestrings**

£2.25

I wanna be your man. She's Your Lover Now. Rock and Gravel and more

**BOB DYLAN-Blind Boy****Grunt** (add 15p postage) £3.50

Bob Dylan double album. Record 1-Blind Boy Grunt inc Sally Gal, Gospel Flow, Talking Devil, Bull of Omaha and many more. Record 2-Talking Bear Mountain inc, Milk Cow Blues, Lonesome Whistle Blues, Going to New Orleans and more

## posters

(add 5p postage each)

**Dr. Strange (colour)** 50p**Belvedere by Escher** 25p**Convex & Concave by Escher** 25p**Silver Surfer (colour)** 50p

## chillums

(add 10p postage each)

New prices—all in beautiful soapstone

**Plain small** 50p**Fluted small** 60p**Plain medium** 70p**Fluted medium** 80p**Plain large** 90p**Fluted large** £1 00**Carved sandalwood chillum** £1 30**Rosewood/horn shape** £1 20

## books

(add 5p postage each)

**Nasty Tales No. 1** 20p

continuing the tale of Ogoth and the Ugly Boot, with Wonder Warthog, Mr Natural On and many more fave comic

**Nasty Tales No. 3** 20p

Ogoth and the Ugly Boot, Mr Natural, Gorilla Women of the Thud Reich On, Do Bo Dolinski, the Larcenists and more, more, more "It's so hairy"

**Leaves of Grass** 50p

by Hassan I Sabbah—everything you ought to know about marijuana

**Little Red Schoolbook** 30p

New edition

## hawkwind

### SINGLES

(with black trimmings—4 colours yellow, orange, blue red) small medium, large. State size and colour required

..... 75p

### T-SHIRTS

(scooped neck T-shirts with contrasting sleeves, body yellow, sleeves green, 3 sizes, small, medium & large)

**Short sleeved** £1.00**Long sleeved** £1.25**POSTERS****Full colour Hawkwind poster** 40p

## badges

**Free Angela Davis** 10p**Soledad Brothers** 10p**Clenched Fist** 5p**Angry Brigade** 7p**Women's Liberation** 5p**Gay Liberation** 10p

## incense

(add 5p postage each)

Krishna Temple incense, handmade sticks of beautifully scented stuff. In packets of approx 20-25

**Jasmin** 30p**Lotus** 30p**Honeysuckle** 30p**Rose** 30p**Sandalwood** 30p**Cherry** 30p**Lemon** 30p**Strawberry** 30p**Patchouly** 30p**Orange** 30p

## patches

(add 5p postage)

Embroidered butterflies to applique. Approx 3" wingspan.

**Orange/yellow** 25p**Green/yellow** 25p

## skins

(add 5p postage)

Skins made by Esmerelda

**Plain (per packet)** 5p**Clove wheatstraw scented** 5p**White Virginia breeze scented** 5p

## t-shirts

(add 5p postage)

**Purrry Freak Brothers** £1 10

Long sleeves, three sizes (small medium and large)

Size.....

**Women's Liberation** 70p

Red motif on white T-shirt.

Short sleeves, three sizes (small medium and large)

Size.....

Sorry, no more Dylan 1966 albums at the moment, we are waiting for deliveries still

Please allow 30 days for processing. Overseas orders should add 50p extra postage (sorry)

All payments by cheque/postal order made payable to ITMAIL please, and sent with this order form (just tick off the goodies you want) to:

### ITMAIL

11a Berwick Street

London W1A 4PF

I enclose £.....

(including postage)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Coming soon: Hawkwind embroidered patches.....

Please add 10p to all orders to cover handling. Allow 30 days for processing. All payments should be by cheque or postal order made payable to TROYST DESIGN COMPANY and sent with this order form (just tick off the items you want) to:

### HAWKWIND GOODIES

11a Berwick Street

London W1A 4PF

I enclose £..... inc. postage

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

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Classified advertisements in IT cost 10p per word (companies) and 5p per word (individuals). Ads for pads are free. Box numbers 50p extra. Send your ad—with cheque/postal order made out to Bloom (Publications) Ltd—to Joy, IT, 11a Berwick Street, London W1A 4PF to reach us not later than one week before date of publication.

### PADS

GUY has room in huge newly-decorated flat for 1/2 chicks. Richmond 892 6326

PAD in town needed desperately for couple with baby on way. Husband working. 226 0539 Baby

ALTERNATIVE Education. Free tutorial scheme mainly for children over 11 starts February. All interested, whether as tutors or pupils, write to TutorScheme, Childrens Rights, 24 Manor View, London N3

ROOM in modern guys London flat offered to student chick for summer months. Phone 622 3533 (evenings).

CHICK seeks free crash pad in London. BOX 123/1

YOUTH, not gay, moving to London. Needs pad and job. Wheelman, Center or anything with lots of bread. BOX 123/2

Six gal girl wanted to share house in Tooting. £3.50 a week. Own room. Nice atmosphere for together person. Phone Jenny at work 01 222 7877 ext 3038

DESPERATE peace freak (19) with more than his fair share of hassles really needs to share a new pad in Edinburgh until July. Please reply soon. I've a nice stereo, some bread and hamstrapped. Write to: Philip West, 25 Stewart Terrace, Edinburgh

NICE warm flat in W9 by the canal (Warwick Avenue) and miniature garden. Large room(s). Couple £12 or £13 single £9-£10. Phone Charles 286 8749

CHICK urgently requires pad with sincere peace-loving people or person. Will consider anywhere in the country but would prefer to be in London. Interests include Yoga, Music, painting, poetry, etc. BOX 123/3

COUPLE (22) with newly arrived baby urgently require accommodation, preferably outside London. Commune set-up ideal but anything considered. Some bread. Reryl, 150 Hook Rise North, Tolworth, Surbiton, Surrey

REASONABLE looking musical hairy (20) seeks intelligent understanding gal to share nice pad and bed. Must have a sense of humour. Half hour South of London (near Croydon). Phone John 01 647 7695 after 6 or at weekends.

COUPLE want unfurnished flat. Richmond. Barnes, Wimbledon, Putney area, Ring Colln at 584 701 ext 537 between 12-2.

### JOBS

EASY bread for chicks and heads. 229 2252

NUDE earns money. Earn bread modelling nude for sex education magazines. Phone 960 0907

DAVID (24) needs job. 650 5909

JOB with travel or bread wanted by guy 21. BOX 123/4

BOYS required for fashion and figure modelling. No experience is necessary but confidence and good looks essential. Excellent rates and regular work for suitable applicants. Write with details of yourself to BOX 123/5

### PERSONAL

WEALTHY trendy unconventional bachelor (43) has almost everything. Town house, antiques, 2 seater open vintage car, yacht, would like final acquisition—female companion for stimulating relationship. Must be lively

uninhibited, sincere attractive young chick. Also accompany him on frequent holidays abroad/cruises, all expenses paid. Photo if possible but not essential. BOX 123/6

I'M A nineteen year old Swede, with long brown hair and not too bad looking. I want to write to an English girl (photo means guaranteed answer) preferably from London, a town I visit every summer for the sake of the fantastic atmosphere and people. I'm a hopeless pacifist, who loves open-air happenings, and is very fond of poetry and discussions. I hope some one will want to write to me. Bengt Brunzel, Skutgatan 28 90246 Umea, Sweden

FOR your fabulous select male escort 603 2394

MESSAGE to Gian Roto Mayer. Please contact your family. You are urgently needed due to disease and great affliction at home. Love Nani

VISITING SERVICE by beautiful boy 603 2394

NUDE male photograph set £1 BOX 123/7

EXCLUSIVE male only introductions. Confidential female only introductions. SAE. The Secretary, Golden Wheel, Liverpool 15

I HAVE been so busy amassing a fortune that I have almost forgotten how to enjoy myself with any attractive, uninhibited sincere young chick help a wealthy with an unconventional bachelor (43) to get back in the groove with stimulating relationship. Also frequent holidays or cruises abroad all expenses paid. Photo if possible but not essential, in first instance. BOX 123/8

SEX partners magazine for really nice people. Just write and we will send a copy to you free, only 350 copies left so write now! A.M.E. 160 Oval Road, East Croydon, Surrey

THERAPEUTIC community of miscellaneous straights, heads and freaks urgently need entertaining. Any group or outfit give us a free concert? Please contact Mike Garcia at 01 642 2809

ALTERNATIVE day school—Kirkdale School, 186 Kirkdale, Sydenham SE26. 778 049. 3½-13 years

BROWN balaclava left in Willesden car after left given to Steve and Carolann from Oxford Jan 10th. Urgent please return. C.Mackenzie, Westfield College, Kidderpore Avenue, London NW3

CHILDRENS Free Tutorial Groups. Alternative to secondary school. S. London 01 874 6212. N. London and National 01 349 9711 TutorScheme 24 Manor View N3

INEXPERIENCED YOUNG MAN (puny, ordinary looking, but fun) seeks well built youth (inexperienced, around 21 ordinary looking but tough type) to make friends, and learn together. No kinds or yobs, London/Essex. BOX 123/9

DANCE in aid of the Intermates on Saturday 12 February at Hammersmith Town Hall 8-12. Bar. Tropical Show Band, Jake Thackery and a folk group. Tickets 50p

GAY male mags free! (S.A.E.) Johnny BN/FBGH, W.C.

WILL Ken Hegerty please contact Gies at T

GAY male (21) seeks similar Bournemouth. Willing to share pad. BOX 123/10

CRAFT community developing at large farm-house in N.Wales. Any creative, loving, energetic people interested, contact Gordon 63 Farfar Road, Tuebrook Liverpool 13, Lancs

"THESIS Research"—"John Fay—Amputations by Machine"—any acknowledgement of Fay, his work, life performance, death? Info urgently needed. Graham Brown, Fine Art 3, Faculty of Art and Design, Leeds Polytechnic, Leeds

DI Wright. Write Rob, 32 Belle Vue Gardens, Shrewsbury, Shrops.

ASTROLOGICAL birth charts suited Hand-drawn—Pocket/Poster size. 50p/£2/£5. PC's with time, date, and place

more small ads on page fifteen



## ROLLER DERBY

continued from page thirteen

skating as a jammer for the Midwest Pioneers. He's living proof that the fights you see on TV aren't all rigged—he was in the hospital 7 times in less than ten months he skated for.

Described as "an adequate skater who might have become good if he wanted to work," Snell has taken off for Hollywood. "Once he had a taste of the alleged glamour of movie life," says Herb Michelson, "he couldn't let that go."

There's no lack of potential skaters to take Snell's place. There are over 100 kids and older people at Buddy Augston's Alameda training school and when a branch opened in Chicago, 300 hopefuls showed up the first day. About 10% make it, says Michelson, "learning to fall is as essential as learning to skate. Agility's an important part of it." That becomes obvious when you see 5'11" Tony Roman topple some goatee twice his size, and skate under a blocker's legs for a point.

Roller Derby is going through a change. After the Bombers sold out Madison Square Garden three times last winter (with scalpers hawkking tickets at the last game), Seltzer decided it was time for a New York franchise, as well as regional ones in the Midwest, Southeast, and West Coast. No longer will the Bombers be the only home team. It will also mark the end of the grueling, destructive four month series of coast to coast one-nighters. Teams will still travel, but within a smaller area.

Hollywood is also getting into the act. Two films are being made in tinsel city now, *Full Tilt Fever*, produced by Al Ruddy, who also did *The Godfather*, and starring Michelle Phillips of the Mamas and Papas and Elena Kutzakis, who played the garbage freak in *Five Easy Pieces*. A suit by Seltzer's Bay Promotions, which owns the entire



league and everything about Roller Derby (they made \$5,000,000 last year) is holding up production of *Kansas City Bomber*, which stars—get this—Raquel Welch, because the makers of the film don't acknowledge that it's about Roller Derby.

In spite of its new found fame, Roller Derby shows no signs of scratching the violence, hysteria, flush and fury that have made it the sustenance of an entire subculture on the fringes of middle America. For leather-clad black teenagers, cracker grandmas, aging matrons on maids' day off, and just plain working and not-working people, Roller Derby is a way of life. They love it to death.

Wayne Robins (Creem/UPS)

NB: The film *Derby*, mentioned above, is shortly on release in this country under the title *Roller Derby*—screenings start on 17 February at the Cinema Victoria.



selector exclusive to Elaine Introductions. 3p stamp brings free details. Elaine (Dept IT/A) Bezy Lane, Bletchbury, Berks

MALE student 21 seeks part time evening work to pay for studies. Desperate. BOX 123/11

YOUNG gay Christians? for mutual support and friendship contact Don. BOX 123/12

YOUNG graduate wishes to meet goodlooking boy as penfriend, companionship, holiday weekends, etc. Write fully, if possible with photo to Mark. BOX 123/13

TINA Lawson: please phone 437 4847. Fintans been found.

GAY man, 29, serious interest music, natural history, photography, fed up with bedsiters seeks more congenial accommodation. Preferably area Byfleet-Aldershot-Godalming. Also friends, similar interests, same area. BOX 123/14

PRESH young female face wanted by advertising photographer for VD poster. £20 for one hour's work. Tel 352 6902

GUY and chick seek transport South Spain. Will share expenses. Write 21/6, RJ Taylor Street, Glasgow G4

## TRAVEL &amp; TRANSPORT

INDIA overland by landrover. Depending 1 Feb 72 and 9 April. £55. 01 390 0982

GETTING it regularly? We're getting trips together regularly throughout 72 in Morocco, Turkey, Greece, Lapland, Arctic Circle, Russia, Scandinavia, India. Join us! Write or phone for brochure. Escape Routes Ltd, 62 Victoria Road, Surbiton, Surrey. 01 390 0982

EVERYTHING and you carried 24 hours 7 days a week. Vans: various. London: England. Abroad. 01 348 6516/01 985 2228

STARS: tempers, sarcasms, sarcasms, harmoniums, viols, shehnais, dilrubs. Salf-53 West Home Lane, Stratford, London E15 534 6539. Open 7 days a week 10-10. Contact: Libe

VAN and driver 24 hours 7 day week. 01 348 6516/01 985 2228

ANYONE thinking of thumbing it abroad around April for an indefinite time? Write to Stewart, 86 Oulton Crescent, Putney, S.W.15

FUR light removals and transport phone Abe 440 7787 anytime.

GIRL wants someone. travel abroad. 3 months. 304 7530

UNDERGROUND and political books at Books, 84 Woodhouse Lane, Leeds 2. Last in preparation. Send large SAE.

SUBAN Morris, Come home all is forgiven. Contact Pat, 047 335 209

CHUCK, 20, seeks guy to hitch to Greece (May-August). Carol, The Flat, Broadmill House, Christow, Exeter

## WANTED

New or used penguin. Standard black and white variety preferred. Young, healthy and cheap. Ring Edward T 437 1312

## SMALLS

continued from page fourteen

of birth to...Bob & Nick. Bindon Home Farm, Wellington, Somerset

C'RLS wanted for modelling jobs. Standard pay and free composites. Ring 353 9510 for interview (exempt Nons)

MAKE new friends of the opposite sex, in the most reliable, inexpensive way available—Free details from SIM (IT/1), Dreamer House, Queens Road, Reading.

COMPUTER Dating? Don't move until you've tried the U-Compute date

LT 70

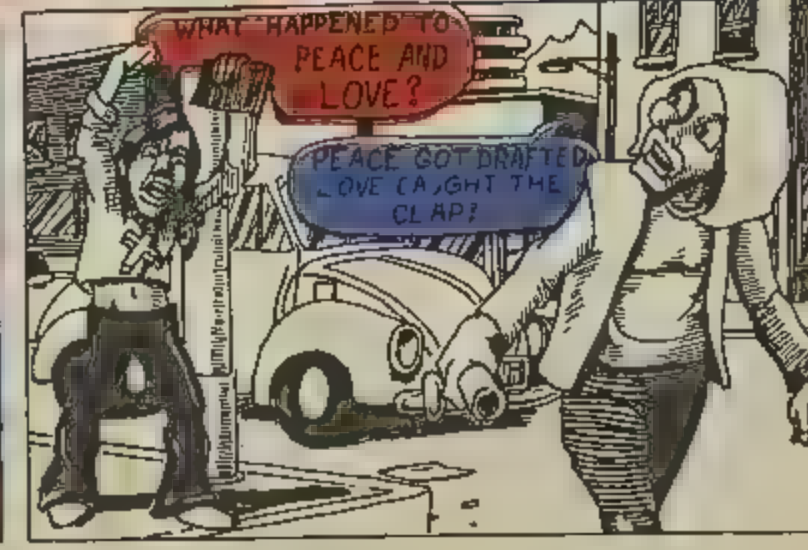
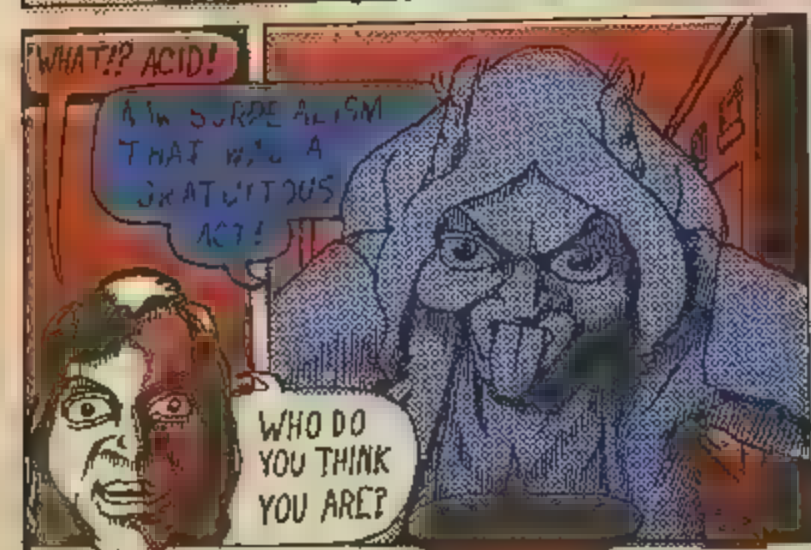
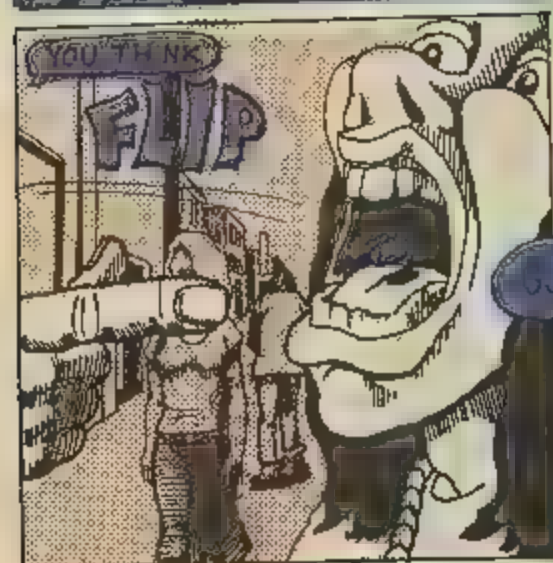
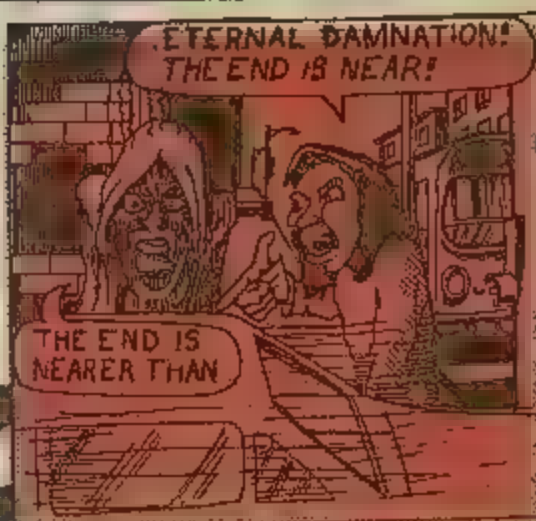
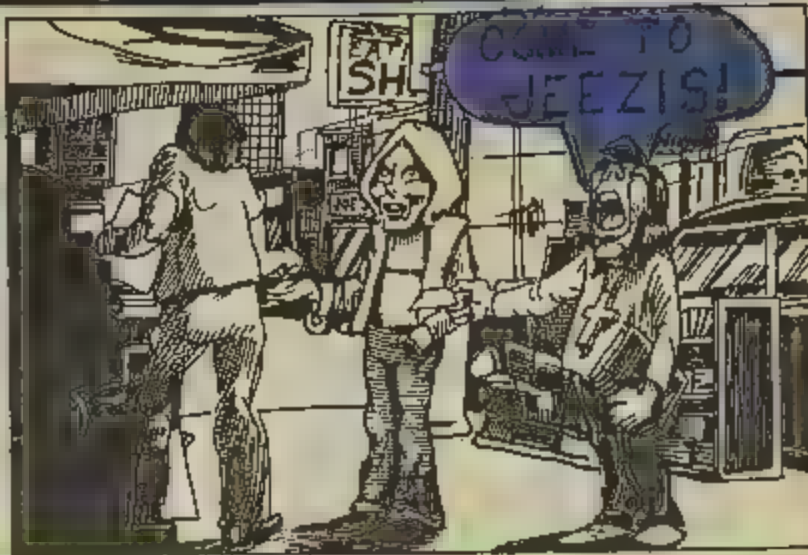
HEAT RESISTANT a Letratone product printed in England

40 lines per inch 15.75 lines per cm

Letratone®



# HARRY THE HOP BY DORMOUBE





# WHY BOTHER?

ASKS THE  
OBLIVION KID

Did you believe in the idea of an alternate culture whose evolution could undermine and finally break the strangle hold of capitalist death culture on our planet?

Did you also believe that the situation of a minority holding authority and deciding the behaviour of the rest of us was a destructive one?

Did you think that a society that was sufficiently plural to contain a number of different beliefs existing in harmony was a preferable situation to a regime that permitted little or no variation on a single 'festyle'?

Did you ever express the idea that a person should be free to do what she or he desires providing it harms no one?

Did you feel that social change and a change for individual consciousness was so linked as to be indivisible?

As you read this are you feeling embarrassed about the fact that a lot of these concepts are naive hangovers from flower-power?

This embarrassment could be the result of a trend in underground media that has lately made it fashionable to dismiss the good old 'hippie idealism' as childish and impractical, and suggest a concentration on solid, sensible adult political solutions.

The retreat from a yippie, illogical revolution to solid Marxist-Leninist good sense is possibly another symptom that social change toward a free human environment on this planet is losing ground.

a symptom similar to finding too many people too wrinkled on downers to even think

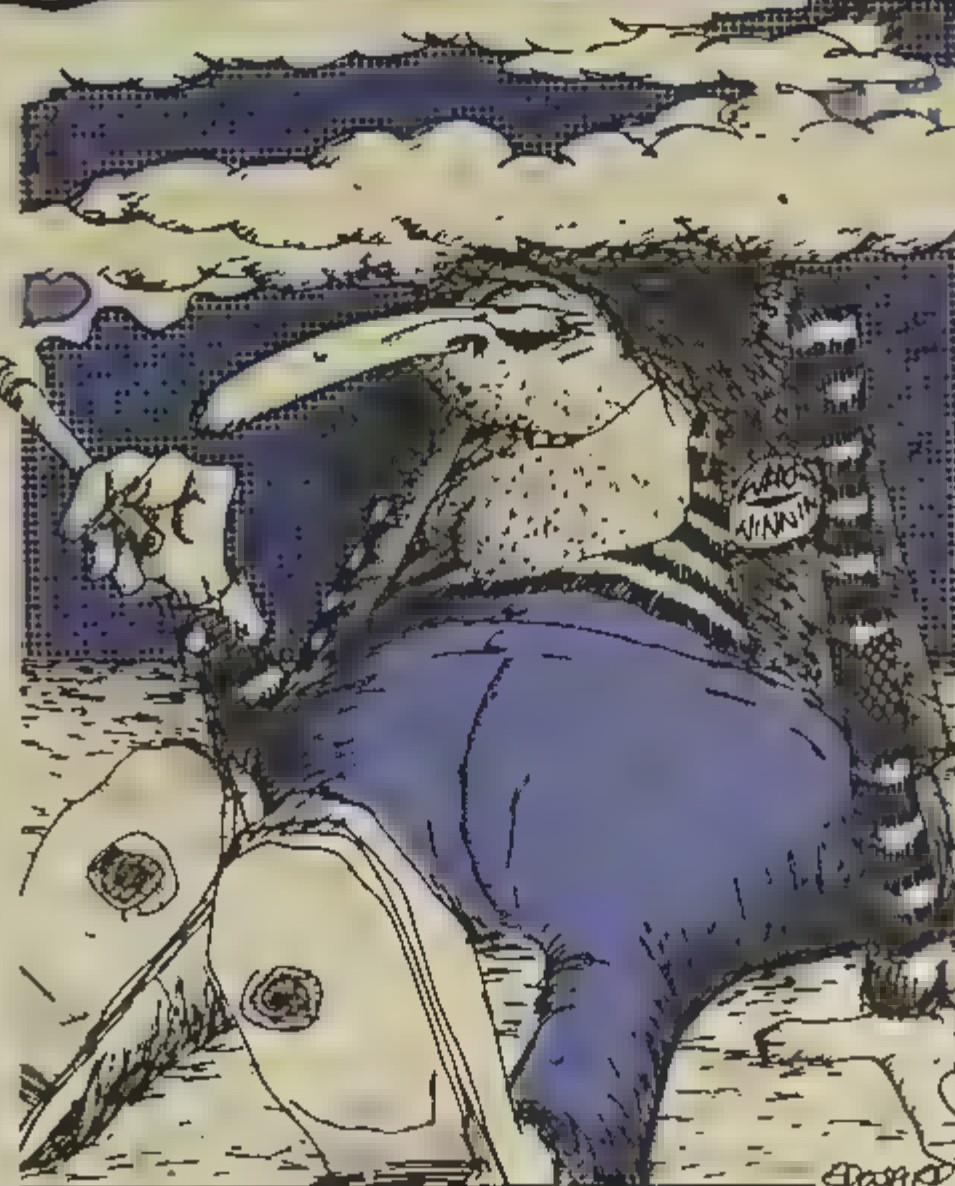
similar to us all getting drawn in to various consumer capitalist shucks.

- similar to the increasing poverty in freak communities everywhere.

The freaks attacked capitalism where it hurt.

(You who are laughing at this statement should now explain to yourselves why our rulers bust hippie rags like Nasty Tales and OZ and not, say, the Socialist Worker)

The capitalist system is unable to cope with the active freak on any level. It can be the level of the lone Viet-Cong who rode into Saigon on a motorcycle, machine-gunned a lot of US officers and split, or it can be the level of a bunch of freaks who, stoned on acid, start,



painting the High Street dayglo. The system which works on a killer logic is mortally afraid of the freaky joyous act. They are afraid of homosexuality because it is an act of love, of joy that has no hypocritical bullshit about families, children and apple pie. It's joy and that's it, and so it had to go.

The first response of our rulers was to repress the freaks with physical and psychological brutality.

It was failure.

It merely brought us together and gave us strength and energy.

Then they tried to contain us by destroying our energy.

And they are getting more successful every day.

All God's children having clap should not demoralise us, but if it does, it is as though we had been promised it was going to be easy.

Capitalism, over the last five years, has made great efforts to replace most manifestations of freak culture with sad, rip-off

imitations that seek to destroy communal energy and isolate the individual. They also demoralised us by deceiving us into judging the products of our own culture by capitalist standards.

If a rock festival attracts a million people who watch a whole bunch of superstars but feel isolated and lonely, it is generally acclaimed as a success. A festival where ten thousand freaks show up, watch other freaks make music, get high and joyful, is put down as a failure.

A band like Emerson, Lake and Palmer seek to impress the audience with the fact that they (the audience) lack the ability to do what the musicians are doing; their end product is that the audience feel inferior and isolated. (I think about the groupie reaction and read that again).

A band like David Peel and the Lower East Side seek to impress the audience that any one of them are able to do what the band is doing. The audience can take part and create a

total joyous event.

The problem is that we are encouraged to view ELP as a success and David Peel as a failure.

We are being forced to think of our culture in commercial terms.

We are being re-conditioned to think like capitalists.

Even concepts like success and failure are being used to undermine our confidence that we are able to organize our own culture and society.

Say you wanted to provide the freaks in your neighbourhood with some of their material needs: so you went out and conned some old capitalist to put money into a 'hippie store' in the hope of his making a load of bread. Say the store went broke in six months because you had been giving the stock to people who had need of it.

Would that be success or a failure?

The only person who could call it a failure would be a

Capit a st

There is a fashionable saying - Freaks can't get anything together. It was invented by the system to bring you down.

When you are down, the system has another set of answers. Here, man, have some downers. Here, man, get into sensible, serious politics. Here, man, buy a Grand Funk album.

Have you ever had some far out idea that your friends have laughed at and called you crazy? Have you felt frustrated because of it? Your friends are reacting to this kind of pressure.

To be called crazy should be a compliment.

Blow up a bank as a revolutionary protest or blow up a bank to see the flash? or does it matter?

The system seems very afraid of colour, of flash, of high joyful energy. It is afraid of people coming together. If you hide in your pad or freak ghetto, if life becomes drab and quiet, it means the pigs are winning.

A new summer is coming and it can either be a hard time or a series of weird, colourful joyful events that jar the confidence of straight society.

They may react in hysteria and fear. It will require strength.

It will, however, generate its own energy and strength once it begins.

If it does not begin, we move closer to being parasites on the system, begging for crumbs dependent on them for our food, homes, clothes, music and our very lives.

We come closer to accepting the drab, lonely, frightened existence of our parents. We will join the system that is killing our planet.

The stoned fantasy is in vain, unless it becomes the absurd reality.

Remember Fudd's First Law of Opposition: - That which is pushed eventually must fall over.

MICK FARREN





Bruce Springsteen, the Blues Brothers, Fleet of Death men and the Angels Clear light show, who moved over next to Mother's Day, the Catmather and the Allnight Newsboys, who couldn't play due to equipment difficulties.

Extra special thanks to the damaged stage crew Boss Ian and Trev to Gordian for films and sounds, to the West London White Panthers for food and to Su Small the Hooker with a Heart. Not forgetting the organiser of it all Mac.

### Spotlight Kid (Kinney)

Wise Old Sam.

Special thanks to Hawkwind, Pink Fairies, Brinsley Schwarz, Skin Alley, Magic Mike, Twink, Tony, Linda Lewis, Sid

Mick Jagger says the Stones' first live appearances after their "hibernation" in South France will be in Japan. There will probably be two shows in Japan and two in other places in the Far East. The Stones will then return to France and cut two more albums and Mick's going to make a couple more films. British and American dates, Jagger hinted, are possible later in '72.

**The Hills of Indiana  
(Elektra)**

If you like to acknowledge a good man gone bad, shed a tear for Lonnie Mack. Lonnie's guitar (of which there is very little) and rich voice suffer an excruciating TKO at the hands of the popmaterial on this album. When last heard from, Mack had indeed "returned to Indiana, fed up with the music biz, to drive a truck and serve the Lord. Wouldn't you know it?"

Dixie ever wonder what the Birds would sound like doing some of those good folk-rock tunes they never got around to recording? Well here's Swampwater, former backup band for Linda Ronstadt and Arlo Guthrie, and not only do they do "One Note Man" (what ever happened to Paul Arnold, anyway?) and "Back On The Street Again," but they do "Gentle Way of Lovin' Me," which they wrote. If that makes you curious, check it out but we don't really need yet another lousy Hollywood hillbilly band, do we?

AMERICAN PIE - OR  
WHATEVER HAPPENED  
TO THE GREAT AMERICAN  
DREAM?

by Don Maclean on United Artists, or Fickle Pickle on

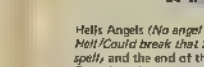
don't usually review singles, but this is something special. Don McLean has set down in this song the question: What went wrong? In the form of using a kateidoscope of what did go wrong. In the middle '60's, we thought we were on the verge of a whole new world. We had discovered, or so we thought, the answer to many of our problems in Flower Power, Rock music, Drugs, etc. But things have gone sour, we are now in a greater no-mans-land than then: the music has died. In heavily shrouded imagery, Mr. McLean tells some of the things that have contributed

AMERICAN PIE OR  
WHATEVER HAPPENED  
TO THE GREAT AMERICAN  
DREAM?

by Don Maclean on United Artists, or Fickle Pickle on

don't casually review singles, but this is something special. Don McLean has set down in this song the question: What went wrong? In the form of using a kateloscope of what did go wrong. In the middle 60's, when the music was on the verge of a whole new world, we had discovered, or so we thought, the answer to many of our problems in Flower Power, Rock music, Drugs, etc. But things have gone sour, we are now in a greater no-man's-land than when the music died. In heavily scorned imagery, Mr. McLean tells some of the things that have contributed towards this.

He takes it in strict chronological order from Buddy Holly's tragic plane crashes and Big Boy's death to the Beatles' made-for-TV movie. *With every paper I'd delivered/ Bad news on the doorstep/ Through the sweet 13s (A lonely teenage bronch baw/ With a punk crumby and a pick-up truck/ Dylan the poet-prophet.../It's a crime to harden/ And I mean, I mean), to the Stones, Alamo and the*



There's a Riot coming On  
(Epic)

A star spangled twelve sundry cries of five gigs, a strangled cry common to nearly all tracks and the new game. Ride the Riff! Catch it and stretch it, twist bend it, take it (end exhaust?)

Starti'ng with *Luvin' A Haight!* I have here the latest collection of 120 four-to-six minute and resistant drums/cymbals driving, and yams rymised, submerged/drowned in the overall. Each track starts out promising, but after a couple of seconds, the music goes to the dog what to do with it. Instead, he just labours the beat, and repeats, and repeats, and repeats often to nausea and boredom

From *Dance to the Music* on in, the music is more or less the same old trick: and apparently we are still gullible

*Family Affair* is the stand-out track, and two others warrant mention *Just Like a Baby*, and *My Love Myself* and *Twistin'*. The first because of the

Live (MEA)  
Cher (MEA)

Once upon a time, we had a freak bonanza (sorry), with the likes of *I Got You Babe* when nothing. Now, courtesy of Big M, our lovable duo are back, with two albums at once already.

As a solo artist, Cher almost trips and falls flat on her pretty little nose. Sounding like a poor man's American Shirley Bassey, she stretch-draws 12 numbers in a tired way that palls long before the end of the first side. Only *Guns*, *Tramie* & *Thrive*

**Living (Elektra)**  
Going along with a swell of artists like Joni Mitchell with whom her name is often confused, Judy has seemed always there, never too far back but never really on top of the pile. Her latest is nice, very nice but it won't do a deal to change this position.

It is a strange mixture some tracks live (4) the rest studio, some highly aspheric folk music others with fuller accompaniment.

achieves anything among a mass of *overschmaltz* productions. *and Fire And Rain and He Ain't Heavy.... He's My Brother* should never have been attempted. Hope producer Snuff Garrett is satisfied.

Together, live, they have a different producer, but still more of the same, only now doubled, with the added bonus of poorer recording quality (only just, I grant you) and schlock talk between tracks. YUK. It is just not funny.

Michael J.

ment, some of her own material mostly by others, the result is little disturbing. Most v, it is music to close your eyes to alter a hind days (w. music to und wind with, with gen' copor teaphy) breathes waft'g around you. The songs are not as powerful either alone or in a group, sometimes with piano. The disturbing factor is the change you are not allowed a total submersion in one mood. Winses close of side one, *Vietnam Love Song* is a little free, a little fragmentary, and mostly losing it, then suddenly, to close, *Song For Judith*, a smooth song, self composed and group accompani. Of the famous song included *Chesley Morning* is done live, a good singer, but a fashionable result is a better version of a song I don't particularly rate and *Just Like Tom Thumbs Blues*. Agnès line, she should have left this alone. Gone is all vital intensity that Dylan has, but she has his knack for phrasing.

Far from being a dispensing album, it's not one to hit you between the eyes.

Michael J.







# BOOKS



**PRIMER AT THAT MOMENT...**  
 David Conway, published by Jonathan Cape at £5.00  
 I remember reading a story once where the Inland Revenue was running a campaign and you guessed it, they gave away a book for the Inland Revenue. This book is a book.  
 It's a splendid book, well worth £5, because it's not a book you read and put away for ever. It's far more likely to be one that will rapidly become worn and battered through constant use (and your friends will borrow it from you). It includes two novels, one Egyptian, one based on the Kabbalah, and a do-it-yourself aerial projection plan. Now, before you all start groaning, I can do, not another magical 'simple book'. I should say that to follow properly the rituals and rites in this book is not easy at all but requires a great deal of preparation, planning and dedication. This is not a sensational book, it's informative and always interesting, even if you don't really want to take up magic it still makes fascinating reading.  
 RS Beautifully bound and illustrated.  
 Joy.

**YOUNG MAN LUTHER**  
 Erik H. Erikson, Faber Paperback £1.20  
 Subtitled 'A Study in Psychoanalysis and History', Erik Erikson is a psychoanalyst and this is his view of the young manhood of Martin Luther, which Mr. Erikson considers to be one of the 'most radical on record'. Having always felt that Luther must have been an



enormously sombre man, it came as quite a shock to realise just how optimistic, even vulgar, he could be. A most unusual man, and a book which might interest these people that its title suggests first sight, for there is much to be learned of history and life as Martin Luther and the Devil in this book.  
 Joy.

**THUM**  
 from New English Library: a book about Bob Dylan—POSITIVELY MAIN STREET—or an unorthodox view of Bob Dylan—30p  
 Interesting. Good for reading on a train journey. But no photographs of the beautiful Mr. Dylan himself (or anyone else). 'Who is the girl from the North Country?' says the blurb



on the book. Answer, a lady called Echo.  
 Joy.

## THE CLOSING CIRCLE: confronting the environmental crisis

Barry Commoner, published by Jonathan Cape at £2.50  
 I seem to be building up a resistance to environmental and ecology books. I've now read so many that my eyes go all glazed at the prospect of more. However, Barry Commoner does at least make practical suggestions and he writes well, if not always simply. How can I recommend a book that depresses me immeasurably? Yet I have to—we have to know just how horrible things are. We are in danger. Please read, buy, look at this and any other ecology book—you can lay your hands on.

Joy.

## HERBS FOR HEALTH AND BEAUTY

Suzanne Beedell, published by Sphere at 40p.  
 Interesting—useful—well worth buying for use or just to read.  
 Joy.

## THE GREAT CONSPIRACY TRIAL

An essay on Law, Liberty and the Constitution by Jacob Epstein, published by Faber and Faber at £3.75

The original conspiracy was to be found in the British Ordinance of Conspirators of 1305. The Chicago Conspiracy trial is on one level as worthy and as entertaining as Lewis Carroll at his best, on the other it reveals a frightened and vicious authority totally out of control. Perhaps one should read this book as fiction and then, only then, having read and enjoyed, pause and consider the seriousness of the whole affair. Eight people tried for what in any sane country (if such a thing exists) could only be called an imaginary crime. Like many others, I used to believe that there really was a thing called 'justice'. No more.  
 Joy.

## THE NCCL GUIDE TO CIVIL LIBERTIES

Penguin 50p  
 As confused as ever.  
 One of these days some people are going to write an honest, comprehensive and politically aware guide to the law as used against us in this

so-called 'democratic' country. —The Best Book tries valiantly to do just that, but it's not comprehensive enough (plus repression's not a

GRAB HIM, GIVE 'EM THE BUSINESS  
 It was in the last 18 months and now we've got the NCCL trying again with the 'new, improved' guide which lacks the secret ingredients—honesty and awareness.  
 However hampered by Hampstead liberals they may be, they do try though. They've become a little more aware of reality these days—like in the last edition they told us we had an absolute right to a phone call when we were bugged—now (good confused liberals that they are) they say in their own bewitched way: 'Individual police stations have different practices, but generally speaking, you have the right to make at least one phone call'—oh yeah? try that in Brixton or Glasgow East Side.

It does get better on specifics like the law relating to landlords and tenants, immigration and motoring (although they make an absolute crass error by omission by totally ignoring the new Criminal Damage Act). Nevertheless it lacks any understanding of the police as the first of the state and its multiple threat to the individual's desire for a more or less peaceful acceptance of gradual whitening away of our so-called 'rights'—the NCCL should have used their book for a more direct and clear stand against repression. Finally one of the biggest contradictions in the book is that while it is presumably written with the people of the wrong end of the pig's boot in mind, both

the price and the language used make it more fit to decorate a coffee table in Hampstead. Is it too much to hope that some people will get it together

WHAT DOES IT LOOK LIKE, STUPID?!

to write a more up to date and comprehensive version of the Best Book—cos we need it!!? Andy

## WORLDS TO COME

(ed. Damon Knight, published by Coronet, 30p)

The first story in this collection (and I never really did like Damon Knight's taste in SF anyway) is that old hoary, The Sentinel, by Arthur C. Clarke. OK, it's a good story. But a world to come? no, that I can't believe. Ye gods, it's been around for so long that any SF freak who hasn't read it must have either avoided it deliberately or just learnt to read. And there are others in that category too. Dull old pals, jolly old pals...who needs a reprint for the low low low price?

Bradford.

## IT'S FOR YOU, SNOOPY

(C M Schulz, published by Coronet at 30p)

What do you say about a book about Snoopy? Well, I think it's good to have another one.

## A START IN LIFE

Alan Silitoe, published by Pan at 35p.

Local boy makes book. Yet again, it's Silitoe doing A Slice of Life as the Bohemian Lives it. Design a direct crib from Longfellow of the Long Distance

Runner, right down to typeface. Described on the cover as 'Abelaisian', it's basically a book about the Top in the Peninsula. Can Silitoe do better than this—or has he done a Brain-type sell-out? Male chauvinist pigs with only W.H. Smith nearby could do better—otherwise, who needs it.  
 Bradford.

## SEXUAL RADICALS

(ed. Paul A Robinson, published by Panther at 50p)

The problems of the filthy commie hippies who go to love-ins. Or maybe you'd think from some of the bits in the intro. But ignoring that, it is in fact an excellent introduction to the works of Reich, Roheim and Marcuse. If you saw and liked WR—Mysteries of the Organism then you should read this. Or even if you didn't. For Reich can be considered as still the leading theorist of the Sexual Revolution, while Roheim and Marcuse, his disciples, owe to political theories, corollaries, which were implicit in the work of Reich but rarely taken up. Heavy, baby, but so what? Your library could do with it, your head probably even more.  
 Bradford.

## THE SCHOOL OF VENUS

(ed. David Thomas, published by Panther, at 36p)

The book is composed of two conversations between two cousins, and is an old-style sexual discovery rap—sort of before and after thing. Naive, titillating, chauvinist, pretty boring. If you buy it you're either a sexual idiot or 62 and wear a dirty map with matching thoughts. And you're still a sexual idiot. But come in and meet me in my room, I'm down in my tales. No pay but you get to flash, so why complain?

## POEMS OF CATULLUS

ed. Jane M. Smith, published by Panther at 40p

It would be impossible to overstate the quality of this book. Catullus is a marvellously descriptive, cynical, amusing, sharp and biting poet. He is also brutally honest and frank: his put-downs are of the very finest quality. It's a tasty thing to read when stoned, untaxing yet provoking, funny yet acute, and a pleasure to read at any time.





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